

## [\*\*my sweetheart's piano by cupidsintern\*\*](#)

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Developing Relationship, Fluff, M/M, Piano, Smart Billy Hargrove, Stolen Moments, a bit saucy tho

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**Characters:** Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

**Relationships:** Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

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**Summary:**

It takes Billy ages to learn how to play piano at first. He doesn't have the hands for it, not like his mom did. She had long thin fingers-princess hands. But he did it anyway. Maybe as an homage to her. Maybe just so his dad had less of a reason to throw out their old upright one that sat pushed up against the wall in their living room for years.

## my sweetheart's piano

### Author's Note:

- For [FlashMountain](#).

It takes Billy ages to learn how to play piano at first. He doesn't have the hands for it, not like his mom did. She had long thin fingers-princess hands. But he did it anyway. Maybe as an homage to her. Maybe just so his dad had less of a reason to throw out their old upright one that sat pushed up against the wall in their living room for years.

It brought back wordless memories of Billy lingering next to his mom as she sat in one of her long soft dresses with bare feet on the pedals, how sometimes she'd lift him into her lap and hold his then-chubby hands over the keys, teach him a chord or two until eventually he'd have enough of a library in his head to try and teach himself the rest.

Wasn't like his dad would ever pay for lessons.

Every time Billy played it, he felt this sense of overwhelming calm, just like with surfing. Not calm maybe, but more like, something *good* had filled up his head, just for a moment, and there was no room for anything else.

The piano didn't survive the move to Hawkins.

Piano didn't really seem like something 'a guy like Billy' would do anyway. So maybe it was good that he couldn't anymore. He tried to pretend not to miss it. It was just a hobby after all. Just another thing he wanted but couldn't have.

Then he found out about the grand sitting in Steve's parents drawing room.

"My mom bought it. But she doesn't play," Steve explained unnecessarily, watching Billy drop everything to walk over to and

pull the cover off the neglected grand. “She says every house should have one.”

“She’s right,” Billy says. Steve watches him.

He didn’t really take Billy for the refined type. But music is just music, isn’t it.

Steve watches how Billy opens the thing with practice, plays a couple experimental chords. Says ‘not too out of tune’ almost to himself.

Billy’s been to Steve’s approximately a million times by now. But they never really stay downstairs. Or if they do, they just make it to the couch. Billy’s never really explored like this before, never lingered anywhere with his clothes on for this long.

Steve likes it.

Then Billy begins to play.

Steve doesn’t move at first, worried he might break the spell somehow- whatever Billy’s playing, Steve doesn’t recognize it, but it’s beautiful. Nothing’s ever filled any room in Steve’s house with this much sound. It resonates, fills the room, saps all the emptiness out of it. Steve walks closer without realizing, approaches just behind where Billy stands, playing like it’s nothing, like he may as well be drumming his fingers on a countertop. The tendons on the backs of his hands flex as he stretches his fingers. He doesn’t seem to notice Steve behind him until Steve tucks his head on Billy’s shoulder, slides his hands to Billy’s hips.

Billy smiles a little, Steve can feel it, but he doesn’t stop the music.

“If you’re gonna fuck me while I play you better stay on tempo.”

Steve snorts. “I’m just listening.”

“You listen with your hands?”

“How do you manage to be a witty asshole and *still* play this thing?” Just as Steve finished speaking, Billy’s hand slipped a little- Steve swore he could feel a blush on Billy’s cheek. “I don’t.”

Neither of them spoke again until the song had finished. But Steve almost didn't realize. There was no silence between them.

"That was," Steve puffs out a disbelieving breath. "Well, that was amazing."

Billy rolls his eyes. "Whatever. You wanna go upstairs."

Steve turns bright red, knowing what he's about to say is more revealing even than that. "Actually, do you uh. Know how to play anything else?" "You got a request?" "No just. Whatever you want to play."

Billy pulls back to look sideways at Steve. Then he shrugs, and picks up playing again.

**Author's Note:**

title is from Butch 4 Butch by Rio Romeo ! its a great song have a listen

simon already told me its bad for ur back to play standing up. dont worry abt it <3